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POPULAR SELECTIONS.

A TRAVELER'S TALE; OR TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY MR. SMITH.*

It was about four in the afternoon, of one of the most villainous rainy days with which the March of 1830 was diversified, that three gentlemen, the host and two friends, were discovered in a certain house, not far from — street, sitting in silence over a dinner table, from which the cloth had been removed. There was a dead silence; the spirit of dullness seemed to be presiding over the scene, and though they, one and all, again and again resorted to the only remedy they seemed to have left, desperate as the expedient doubtless was, their copious libations failed to rouse them from their lethargy. If every drop of wine had been so much laudanum, they could not have been more inclined to sleep than they apparently were.

It was a fearful sight to behold, to see three sensible, agreeable people, reduced to such extremities. The host himself was far from a silent man in ordinary—on the contrary, he could talk on every subject with equal fluency, when he did come out; though it was so difficult for him to find listeners, that he had latterly got somewhat out of practice. The younger of the guests was a lively, rattling sort of young man, who could laugh equally well at a good or a bad joke, but rather preferred the latter, for then he could laugh both at the jest and the jester. The third man was a trim, well-favored, bachelor-looking person, of about forty-five, who was a marvelous good story teller, and had traveled in the four quarters of the globe, and seen and heard more than any one traveler, ancient or modern. His great delight was in telling rare and curious stories; which he had heard from this and that great man of his acquaintance; and his great skill was in introducing them so that you could hardly help asking him to tell them.

The younger guest whom we have mentioned, after having contemplated the fire in the grate for some minutes, as if the process of ignition of Schuylkill coal was a phenomenon he had never before witnessed, suddenly looked through the window, and broke out into this pithy and sententious exclamation: "What horrible weather! I wonder, when it has rained enough, why the deuce it don't stop! Do you understand the reason, Doctor?"

Our friend the traveler, who was one of the forty doctors who turned round in Broadway, some years ago, when some one called out "Doctor," now looked up, and yawned to this effect: "Yaw—mynheer—but I should like to know whether I am asleep or awake. Was I dreaming, at that instant, of that good story I heard at the Duke de V.'s table, or was I really thinking of it?"

"Ah!" cried the young man—"stop there—Doctor—you have told me a hundred and fifty times that you knew the Duke de V., but let me tell you, that this is the very first time you ever hinted that you had dined with his grace!"

"And what do you infer—what do you wish us to understand by that observation?" said he, with the most imperturbable, civil, kinder tone in the world.

"Why," replied the other, "I infer that there is some mistake!"

"My dear friend," mildly replied the doctor, there can be no mistake; my recollection is positive—though I must admit, I might not have thought of the particular occasion I refer to, and of the story of the Vicomte de C., if I had not this very morning, met, among some old letters, with the note of invitation, in the Duke's own hand writing, and that reminded me of the story—of which I was either thinking or dreaming, when you observed—what was it you observed?"

"Doctor," said the host, now rubbing his eyes to be sure that he was awake, "I should like very much to

* Whether the "Mr. Smith," who has kindly transmitted us this story, through the post-office, be the author of *Rosine Laval*, we will not take upon us to say. Those, however, who have perused that amusing production will be able, doubtless, to assign the paternity without any difficulty.—Ed.

see that note. Why didn't you put it in your pocket for me—you know I am curious in autographs?"

"My dear friend," quoth the doctor, "why, that is precisely the very idea that struck me when I came across it, and I put it in my pocketbook, on purpose for your collection."

The younger gentleman gave a moderate shrug, as much as to say, "On purpose to introduce a story which some duke, or count at least, related to him, for our benefit," but he said nothing.

The autograph was produced, and bore such marks of authenticity, that even the younger gentleman, who was a little sceptical in his disposition, did not presume to question it. It was in substance this:

"M. de V. presents his compliments to M. le Docteur —, and begs the honor of his company on Wednesday, to dine with himself and one of the friends of M. de V., who formerly traveled in the interior of North America, and who wishes to speak with M. le Docteur of some persons and places in that country."

"Well, of course you went, Doctor?" asked the host.

"Certainly—one is not at liberty to decline such an invitation, you know, from such a quarter—and really, though there were but three of us, for Madame de V. dined abroad that day, or was in the country—I forget which—yet I never was in a more agreeable party of three in my life—unless I am to except the present."

"Bravo!" cried the young man, "for that compliment; and in return for the gentleman's civility, I call for his story. But I hope it will not require any great effort to believe it; for truly, my dear Doctor, I do not feel myself capable of any very violent exertion."

"My dear sir," replied the doctor, "do you not know that the beauty of a story is, when you don't know whether to believe it or not. Is a poor story any the better for being true—or is a good one any the worse, if it be not strictly true in all the particulars, if it might have been true? And the two stories I am about to relate to you, were, moreover, told me for strict and absolute truth, by two of the most distinguished men in France—one the Vicomte de C., and the other the Duke de V. himself."

"Good God, Doctor," cried the younger man, "what are there two of them? why that will kill the whole afternoon—do begin the best one; I am longing to hear it."

"I hope," said the host, "that it is not a part of two stories put together."

The doctor calmly replied to this insinuation, that they were two separate stories, told one after the other, by two separate individuals, and that if we did not find the first one interesting enough to call for the second, we would have the goodness to signify it by yawning while the first was going on.

Whereupon the audience put themselves in a listening posture, and the doctor preluded as follows:

"I will first beg your attention to the story of the Duke, who had traveled in the interior of North America. He put me a thousand questions about the West, where you know I am quite at home, as well as in the East, Middle, and South. But especially did he torment me about 'the Natchez,' as he called it. I thought he never would have done with teasing me about the state and condition of the Indian tribes in that quarter. He appeared even to wish to know whether the same trees were standing as when he was there, and in the same places. Whether the same birds, or at least the same species, sung there still—and sung the same tunes! In fine, though I had been in Natchez three weeks, some few years before, I found I could not entirely satisfy his insatiable curiosity about it. In fact, I believe that the sum total of my information was barely enough to convince him, that it stood precisely on the same spot it did when he was there, thirty years or more before. I could not help expressing my surprise, that that region had made so deep an impression on him, and particularly Natchez itself, which, though I did not say so to him, is but a sort of dog-hole after all. He smiled and replied, that the place was interesting to him from early recollections, and the friendship and hospitality he had experienced

there, beyond all he had met with elsewhere; and that, indeed, he could not but be interested in a region in which he had met with adventures that might easily have changed his whole destiny, 'where,' said he, 'I was several times in love, and once terribly! of course, I did not publish that adventure in my travels.'

"Ah! ha!" cried the Duke, 'let us hear that chapter of the terrible. I think, my dear Vicomte, you owe the Doctor some amends for the multitude of questions you have made him.'

"I assured the Vicomte that he could not do me a greater pleasure than to relate it, although I did not claim it by way of compensation, as the Duke had put it. After some bantering between the Duke and him, the Vicomte being again solicited, proceeded."

THE STORY OF THE VICOMTE.

"There was in the Natchez, when I visited it, a great many fine Spanish families, and some very agreeable Indians also resorted there from the neighboring tribes. Exile and wanderer, as I was, the hospitality of the Spanish inhabitants touched my heart. I believe I could have remained my whole life among them, and they would have made me a heartier welcome every day. Their frankness and simplicity of character delighted me. I was equally fortunate in forming an acquaintance and friendship with several Indian Chiefs, who spoke some Spanish, and with whom I found great pleasure in conversing, with the aid of an interpreter, when necessary."

"One of them, in particular, the head of his tribe, a fine, old chief, who loved the French, for some cause or other which concerned the nation, took such a liking to me, that he proposed to adopt me for his son. I do not know but it would have been better for me to have accepted the offer, but I begged time to think of it, and in the mean time, he prevailed on me to put on their costume, and pay a visit to his town, which was not distant from the Natchez more than three French leagues. About half way between the two, we stopped with our retinue, at the plantation of a Spanish gentleman, which seemed in high cultivation, and bore the marks of some opulence. The old chief, as we came in sight of it, informed me, that I should now see the 'Spanish son of my Indian father,' and that his son-in-law, though a good Spaniard, was a very good Indian too! 'The flower of the Sun,' said he, 'who has my daughter for his wife, and they have one daughter fit for your wife, she is called 'Ofannokamishaiskeyand; or the Blossom of the Wild Rose.'

"I was not so much surprised, Messieurs, as you would probably be, at the taste of Don Felipe Corrio in a wife, as, I must confess that the red women have complexions which I was very far from thinking disagreeable. If their features were European, I am inclined to think they would be the handsomest women on the globe. I did not, however, on that account, embrace the proposal for an alliance with the 'Blossom of Wild Rose,' with which her grand-sire had honored me. And when I saw the 'flower of the sun,' the spouse of Don Philip, I did not regret it. She was not particularly described by her name, unless it might be in her lofty stature, and except that her eye made even the sparkling eyes of the Spanish belles I had seen at the Natchez, appear dull and heavy. She was a very well behaved savage, of about forty, and her husband, who appeared about her age, and was a merry fellow for a Spaniard, seemed to be very fond of her."

"We were obliged to consent to a visit of three days, and though I had agreed to it with reluctance, I was heartily glad of it when, at dinner, I saw the 'blossom of the wild rose,' or Donna Isabella, as her Spanish name was, follow her stately mother to the table. Figure to yourself the handsomest Spanish woman, of a Spanish brown complexion, of the most perfect symmetry, neither too tall nor too short, with the brightest eyes in Old Spain; figure to yourselves I say the handsomest woman, of that style of beauty, that you have ever yet beheld; and then I must give you the trouble to imagine the Donna Isabella, just one hundred times more beautiful still! And with such eyes! but of them it is useless to speak! You cannot have an idea! I have never seen a basilisk, and I cannot therefore say whether that animal has the faculty of killing with its eyes or not. But I know that Donna Isabella had that power in her eyes, and alas! at the very first glance—I was a corpse!"

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the Duke, 'quel dommage!' I am very sorry for that accident, as it must end the story of necessity!"

"Not at all! not at all!" said the Vicomte laughing, 'for those she despatched the first look she had the equally marvelous power of reviving with the very next glance!'

"Diable! Vicomte—I did not think of that," said the Duke, "I beg pardon for interrupting you at that critical moment, pray go on!"

"Well, so it was; and so the young lady having given me the second glance instantaneously—I may suppose that I was not probably dead more than the tenth part of a second, or thereabouts, and consequently had not time to fall, or even to decline from my upright position. The moment I found myself alive again, however, I hastened to bow to her, in return for the profound Spanish courtesy, which she was making to me at the moment that she gave me my *coup de grace*. Her father informed me in Spanish, that it was his 'hija' and then informed his daughter in the same language, that I was a brave Frenchman, and a loyal friend of my king, and not one of the 'assassin monsters.' I flattered myself that Donna Isabella would readily agree that I was no monster, and I thought, when her father ordered her to make herself agreeable to me, that she manifested a proper disposition for filial obedience.

"She sat opposite to me at the table, and as her attention was pretty equally divided between me and herself, I thought I was going on extremely well! She was so seated that she could see herself in a mirror which hung opposite, and whether it is to be attributed to her Indian pedigree or her sex, I do not know, but she was every moment looking at herself in the glass, and adjusting the ornaments in her hair, which was dressed, like our dinner, half Spanish, half Indian fashion. She put her beautiful delicate hands up to her head ten times in a minute, and yet she found time to talk to me about the Spanish belles in the Natchez; to ask me a hundred questions about the French ladies, a great many too about the English, one of whom, the lady of an officer, she had seen at the Natchez, and the bare mention of whose person, dress, and manners made her laugh in the most uncontrollable manner. Of the French ladies, she spoke more respectfully, probably out of respect to my feelings; still I could see that she considered them as rather a ridiculous sort of people also, in their dress and manners. I cannot describe to you the effects of her conversation. There was not merely a novelty, there was a perfect fascination about it. So simple, and yet so proud; so ignorant of the world, and yet so keenly alive to the follies and absurdities that had fallen under her observation; so natural and even wild, and yet so gentle and courteous in her manners! At every moment, I was becoming more and more ashamed of not being as ignorant and unversed in the ways of the world as she was! In short, when she had finished her dinner, I was just beginning my own, and I hastily swallowed a plate full of a Spanish ragout which I had selected for my dinner. And plain as the fare may seem to you, Messieurs, I assure you, I would prefer that dinner to dining with the king himself in a 'Chateau en Espagne.'

"We remained a long time at table, to talk merely, for we drank very little wine, and that of a quality which will not allow me to say, without great injustice to yours, M. le Duc, that it was equal to any I have ever tasted. In fact, it was a most villainous sweet Spanish wine, the name of which I have no desire to remember, and of that vintage which is called a little worse than the worst in the world. But if we had had this delicious Chambertin there, it would have been all the same to me. I could not have drunk it any better, for I was already intoxicated with something which for want of a better name, I must call love! When we rose from the table, all the ladies had gone to take their siesta. Don Philip recommended me to follow their example, as he did himself. I went to my chamber, but no sleep was to be found there. You will easily divine the cause.

"By and bye, about the time that I ought to have been waking, sleep began to steal over my senses; but I was roused from my slumbers by the sound of a guitar, at the other end of the house, and a moment after, a voice, which you will please to acknowledge, was the sweetest that was ever heard, commenced warbling a pretty Spanish song, addressed to a butterfly, the refrain of which, only, I could perfectly understand, and that was something like this—

'Wanderer—let thy wand'ring cease—
Rest thee in my bower of peace.'

All the plaintive laments for exile in the world, tuned to the most mournful notes, would never have affected me as did that simple, accidental, unintended allusion to my condition. Judge of the feelings it produced in one who was not only banished from his country, but who could not even think of his native land without indignation, and sorrow and shame! Will you believe it? That simple melody—those two lines—melted me to tears! I stole out alone, when the music ceased, and wandered into the neighboring forest, to indulge in the sadness it had created.

"As evening fell, I returned, and found that my absence had given some uneasiness to my worthy host and my Indian father. They were on the point of commencing a search for me. The beautiful Isabella, too, did me the honor to tell me that she was afraid for me, when she heard that I had gone into the forest alone, and had not returned. Could I do less than declare 'my gratitude for the flattering interest she had taken in my safety? and how much her kindness had affected my heart?' Certainly not! You are sensible, Messieurs, that a Frenchman's compliments, upon such an occasion, ought not, however, to be

taken *au pied de la lettre*. It is an injustice to him to doubt his sincerity; but it is a still greater error to understand him literally! Donna Isabella, I could perceive, by her artless manner, fell into this latter mistake; and yet I could not regret being so misunderstood. It would have been impossible for me, besides, even if I had been disposed, to make such a child of nature comprehend how a man of honor could say more than he meant to a beautiful woman, without telling a dishonorable untruth.

"Well—I have not time to repeat to you, even if I could recollect them, the many gallant things that I said the rest of the evening, and the rest of the three days; but I can safely say, that though I believed myself in love, I never hinted at matrimony, although I saw that I was not entirely indifferent to the charming Isabella. If you think that I was vain in making such a supposition, I can only say, in my defence, that the lady herself, the evening before I left her father's house, told me so with her own lips; and after this manner it came to pass.

"We were sitting alone, under a beautiful magnolia, which stood near the door, and I was expressing my heartfelt regrets at being obliged to part from her on the next morning, when she cut me short, by frankly avowing that she shared my regrets and returned my love! That her heart and very soul were mine, and that she believed that I did love her as sincerely as I had told her! Nor was that all. It seemed that she had communicated my pretensions to her father that day, and he had given his sanction to our mutual flame! She further informed me that I should return there in a few days, and become her husband; and that she would love me for ever, and every day more and more tenderly!

"Figure to yourselves my confusion, my inexpressible embarrassment! I was transfixed with amazement! It was overwhelming! Warmly as I had admired her beauty; fascinated as I was by her singular character, and the odd mixture of simplicity and shrewdness which her conversation exhibited, the idea of marriage had not yet flitted across my brain, and if it had, it would not probably, for several good reasons, have remained there long. Now it stood, in terrific size and proximity, before my eyes! It was not only in my power to be married, but it appeared that I was likely to figure in the character of 'Le Mari, malgré lui!' If I could have had some time for reflection, I believe I could have saved myself; but, alas! what could I do? It seemed to me that my retreat was cut off; and so, I pressed her hand to my lips, (I hope there was no harm in that, Messieurs!) and returned her my best thanks for the honor she had done me, in making me the happiest of men! I suppose it was wrong; in fact, I am quite sure of it. But would it not have been still more monstrous to have set about explaining to such a girl, that I had only been trifling with her, in all the fine things I had been saying to her? and that what she had understood as coming from my heart, was only a little flummery, to show off my gallantry! That, indeed, would have been, as the amiable Fouché said, on another occasion, 'worse than a crime; it would have been a shocking blunder!'

"Well, Messieurs, you may think, perhaps, that, considering all circumstances, my luck was not so deplorable. I will not deny that I easily reconciled myself to my good fortune, although it came in such a shower as almost to drown me. I was, as to my worldly affairs, at that time, very far from being in an enviable situation. I was a weary exile; not, to be sure, a hopeless one, because I never suffered myself to despair, or even to despond. I even then looked forward to the regeneration of France as at hand. But let us keep clear of political reminiscences. I made up my mind, on the instant, to follow the bent of my destiny, and to espouse the lovely Isabella; if not immediately on my return from her Indian grandfather's dominions, at least within a very short period.

"The next morning, before our party set out on that journey, Don Philip called me into his room, and, after a few words of friendship, embraced me as his future son-in-law! 'How rapidly these simple foresters despatch such important affairs!' thought I; but I spoke only of my gratitude, and my affection for his adorable daughter!

"I see you smile, my friends, as if you think that I was all the while meditating an escape, at the very first opportunity, from these half-compulsory nuptials. Was I? You shall hear of my sincerity, and my constancy, upon a higher key than probably you have ever attempted!

"I went to the Indian village, and staid with the amiable old chief a week, according to my promise, although I grew every day more impatient to return to the Natchez, and make my little preparations for my marriage. On my way back I staid one day and night at Don Philip's, and found that my passion went on increasing at every glance at my bride. I was, also, more and more delighted with anticipating the pleasing task of forming the mind, and cultivating the taste, of my darling *enfant de la nature*. I had no doubt of making her the prodigy of the age, in a few months, and was often thinking on what plan I should proceed: whether I should aim to make her a Madame Dacier—only a great deal more learned—or a Madame de Sevigne—only a vast deal more witty. I believe, on the whole, I concluded that she should be a sort of combination of the two: more of a *femme savante* than the one, and more of a *bel esprit* than the other. I bade her a most tender adieu, however, to return to my friends at the Natchez,

ez, before I had fully arranged the programme of her future studies. I knew that she could then read Spanish; and she had told me that she could write it very well. That was considered pretty high learning, for a young lady, among the planters in that quarter, and I was entirely satisfied with the progress which she had made in securing those two charming accomplishments! I rather rejoiced that it had been left so entirely to me to introduce her into the higher regions of literature. I caught myself, as I went along, thinking of a subject for her first poem!

"You may well imagine that I did not part from the future Madame de C., after finding that she could write Spanish so well, without making her promise to correspond with me, and to send me a letter at every opportunity, till I came up again, which was to be in about ten days. It was understood that the marriage should take place about that time, though the precise day was not named.

"On the evening of the second day, after I had returned home, as I was resting myself on my bed, after a day's hard hunting with some young Spaniards, a young Indian lad, of fourteen or fifteen years of age, suddenly presented himself at my door, and without bowing or speech, or sign, approached me; and, as I started up to demand what he wanted, presented me a letter, which he drew from his bosom. He then very coolly laid himself on the floor, and by the time I had broken the seal, was fast asleep.

"You will believe me, without difficulty, when I inform you that the letter came from my beloved. It was full of the tenderest expressions and inquiries, and after charging me to write by the bearer, concluded with informing me that her dear father was coming to the Natchez the next day, and that she was coming with him, and would be at Don Guzman Allejo's house at nine the next morning.—This was the most delightful news in the world for me; and when I had finished the perusal of this charming epistle, no drawback remained to my perfect felicity, except that I was obliged to acknowledge that a little more than three words out of four were badly spelt! For instance, '*querido*' my future *savante* had spelt with two *rr's* and two *dd's*, and I wonder that she did not begin with *qq*, when I observed that '*amigo*' was also spelt with '*mm*' and '*gg*.' But I was easily consoled for these slight mistakes, when I looked again at the sentiments the misspelt words conveyed. I even found a certain grace and beauty in those innocent blunders!

"I hastened to reply; and after expressing, in pretty sublime Spanish, the felicity I had derived from her charming letter, I launched into a still higher strain upon that which she was to bestow on me, by allowing me the sight of her divine beauty the next day. I did not stop to reflect that the young savage was all this while getting more soundly asleep, and when I had finished, it was no trifling labor to awaken him. Those young Indians have a most astonishing talent that way, and I could not help thinking that it was lucky I had begun, as I did, to rouse him, or it might soon have been impossible to do so, without the aid of heavy artillery. I succeeded at last, however; and the moment I gave him my despatch, the young rascal darted out of the room like lightning, and I have no doubt ran every step of the way, a distance of some seven English miles.

"It was not a moment later than eight o'clock when I arrived at my friend Don Guzman's the next morning, to receive my intended, as became my duty and her deserts; and, although she had named nine as the hour, allow me to mention that she also anticipated the appointed time by nearly thirty minutes! If you had seen the joy we manifested at the sight of each other, you would have known at once that we were lovers, and would have supposed that we had been at least three months separated.

"Her father returned, in the evening, to his home; but she remained, at the solicitation of Donna Maria, Don Guzman's wife, backed, you may suppose, by my influence, to spend the remainder of the week with her. You may be sure she had more trouble to get her father's consent than her own. But, at last, it was given, and we were so happy!

"For the next four days, I spent my whole day, and half the night, at Don Guzman's; and, incredible as it may seem to you, my passion still raged with unabated fervor. On the evening of the fifth there was a ball and a grand festivity, in honor of some saint's day or other, at the house of one of the principal citizens. We were all there, as well as the whole *élite* of the beauty and fashion of that city.—The number, of course, was not so large as in Paris; but among them was one young Spanish girl, who had been once in Paris, and with whom, for that reason chiefly, I loved to talk, whenever I met her. She was passionately fond of dancing, and had so far improved by her travels in France, as to be very fond of compliments, and very much addicted to coquetry. If you hesitated about flattering her, she had a way of helping you to do it that was very droll. There were those who pretended that there was some love making, or would be made, between her and a certain young Frenchman, of the same name with myself. But I authorize you, Messieurs, to contradict the report, in the fullest manner, whenever and wherever you hear it.—Still, though I had not found her beautiful enough to reconcile me to her folly, I had not found her so very foolish as to compel me to abandon my occasional gallantry to her. I therefore concluded, after dancing three times with my

adored, that I would do the amiable to Donna Marguerita, and ask her to dance, to which she readily assented. I did not observe that my angel changed her seat, and took one precisely behind us; and as it was some time before it came to our turn to move in the dance, I thought that the interval could not be better filled up than with a few choice compliments to my partner. I was so diverted to see the little coquette laugh with such delight at my most extravagant ones, and was besides in such high spirits at the presence of my divinity, that I rather think I must have uttered to her some things which I had intended for Donna Isabella! To make the matter still worse, when Donna Marguerita accused me of being captivated with that beauty, whom, however, she observed, *en passant*, she did not think was so very handsome, I took great pains to persuade her that she was entirely mistaken, and that, if I knew how the affair stood, I had been robbed of my poor heart long before I saw Donna Isabella, by a cruel beauty, named Donna Marguerita, who would neither give it back to me, nor give me her own in exchange for it! How that little completion laughed at my nonsense! and just at that moment, changing to turn my head, as we were going to start in the dance, who should I find sitting at my very elbow, listening to every word of my elegant speeches, but my princess Isabella herself! The look she gave me, I fairly trembled at. It came very near proving as fatal as that first glance, of which I have already related the effects. I blushed, I was giddy; but I could not stop to explain, as my partner was already in motion, and had reached out her hand, at that moment, to receive mine.

"It appeared to me that that dance would be eternal; it was contrived, on purpose to plague me, that it should be the longest dance, not only that evening, but since the luckless hour when Orpheus first brought dancing into fashion. I was one moment burning with the heat of a furnace; the next, as I stole a glance at the moody brow and the forked lightnings that played in the eyes of my Isabella Furiosa, I was seized with a chill, almost as dreadful as Don Giovanni feels in the opera, when he shakes hands so imprudently with the ghost of the old commander. I kept on dancing, however, and, in hopes to regain somewhat of my self-possession, I forbore to look in the direction of Isabella, and began to be more careful of throwing the figure into confusion, which my partner was every moment scolding me for.

"At length, as even the Spanish do not dance for ever, without an occasional respite, my penance was ended, and I led my partner to her seat. I was now beginning to feel a little bolder, and had even prepared some excuses to my offended beauty. But on looking round to find her, she had left the room; and, on further examination, I perceived that Don Guzman had gone out also. I felt uneasy at these symptoms, and, on inquiry, was told that Donna Isabella, finding herself unwell, had retired in the middle of the dance, with her friends, and they were not coming back. I snatched up my hat and hastened after them. I ran, with the utmost impatience, to the house, and, without stopping to knock for admission, rushed into the room, where I expected to find the family. Don Guzman was there alone. The ladies had retired. In answer to my eager inquiries after the health of my beloved, he smiled, and said, 'she was in very good health, but in a cursed bad humor'; and that she was grievously offended with me, for some cause which she very sulkily refused to explain, to him or his wife. He then told me, in a low tone, almost a whisper, 'You do not know her temper; she is as jealous as the devil. She has seen nothing of the world—brought up, you know, in that retirement—and she is very intractable, when she gets a maggot in her head. I can speak both from my own observation and the information of my wife. I am a good friend of her father, who is no fool; but he does not know how to bring up his children. If I had such a daughter, I would put her in a convent, and keep her there, if the Pope himself forbade me!'

"This was certainly very kind in Don Guzman; but although the prospect of easily educating such a pupil would have begun to appear a little more doubtful, if I had stopped to examine it, yet I was too much in love to heed these reasonable hints, and if I had not been so anxious to see my dear scholar, I am sure I should have had a serious quarrel with Don Guzman, for his impertinence, and should have compelled him to retract every one of his scandalous insinuations against my charmer's amability. It was true, that when I had dropped a hint to her the day before, in the most delicate manner, about her careless orthography, I found that she was in no hurry to correct it, and in fact quite indisposed to give herself any trouble about it. What do you think she said? 'My dear,' said she, 'you tell me you love to read my letters!' Of course, I could not but re-affirm that they enchanted me; that the sentiments and the expressions were divine! 'Why, then, my dear,' asked she, with the greatest surprise, 'why did you say something just now about my writing without attention to my words?'—'I mean the spelling, dearest Isabella!'—'Oh!' said she, with the most delightful naivete, 'every body has their own way of spelling!'

"I requested Don Guzman to go and inform her that I was waiting to see her, and so he went, but soon came back with the very disagreeable intelligence, that Donna Isabella did not wish to see me! I did not believe that she spoke the truth, and so I insisted on his returning with a more

pressing message. He brought me back for answer, that I had already her answer! I began to grow very angry. I once more forced Don Guzman to try the effect of a new appeal, couched in the most entreating terms, in the Spanish language. To satisfy me, Don Guzman good naturedly made the third attempt, and staid so long a time that I was now confident he would prevail; at least if he did justice to the eloquent speech with which I had furnished him. At length, he made his appearance, and gave me a letter, which I was informed it was her high pleasure I should not read till I got to my own house. Finding I had so inflexible a person to deal with, I contented myself with complaining of her behavior, and went home to read my letter. I was very far from being in an amiable mood, and I believe I thought, as I went along, that it would be no more than a just retaliation, if I should not go near such a capricious creature for three days!

"I have always thought that, in the temper with which I opened that epistle, the wretched orthography of the bitter reproaches it contained, decided my destiny! Not that the style was otherwise worse than that of other ladies, in similar circumstances; but it appeared to me that she had made a vow, when she began that letter, not to spell one word right, on purpose to annoy me! Then she called me 'perfidious, and perjured, and false, and ingrate,' in such angry terms, as if she could not repeat it often enough, that I began to think a little seriously of my good friend Don Guzman's portrait, and to take his hints in much better part! The result of all these bitter invectives was, that I was declared guilty of an infamous duplicity, and several other crimes; that I was pronounced a contemptible French monkey—and she renounced me for ever—and she availed herself of the last time she intended ever to write to me, to pronounce me unworthy of the love of the daughter of Don Philip, and the 'Flower of the Sun,' and worthy only of being roasted, for a bad Catholic, in the flames of purgatory, to all eternity!

"I declare to you, with all sincerity, as much as I had been agitated and tormented by her refusal to see me—much as I trembled when I opened the letter—when I came to that curious and furious conclusion, all was forgotten; and if my very life had depended on it, I could not have helped bursting into a violent fit of laughter. It was perfectly uncontrollable for half an hour. It might have been a little preternatural; but I never laughed more heartily before or since. Whether it was that I felt confident that such angry reproaches must lead to a superb reconciliation—or whether the bad spelling was so much more ludicrous than I had ever before conceived of—or really if I began to doubt whether, if the reconciliation did not take place, my heart must necessarily be broken—I do not know. But when my laugh was ended, I perceived that it had done a great deal of good to my spirits, and I concluded not to remain awake all night long, as I had at first intended. After a proper consultation with myself, therefore, as to what was to be done, I came to the conclusion that the wisest thing I could do, was to go to bed, which I accordingly did, and deferred my ulterior deliberations and measures to the next morning. I felt quite sure that the storm would blow over, and the lovely Isabella would yet be mine! I believe I determined even to wait for another letter, in a different style, if not of spelling, at least of sentiment, before I presented myself to her sight!

"Well, at nine the next morning, I did receive a letter from her, by the hands of Don Guzman; and not only one, but several—but alas! they were in my own hand writing! The cruel creature not only sent me back my letters, but wished also to take out of my possession those specimens of orthography on which I had placed a higher value than I should have done on an autograph of Queen Zenobia.

"Don Guzman was rather disposed to congratulate me on my escape; and as he swore it was all nonsense to attempt to reason with a woman, I at last gave up the precious manuscripts to be restored to their author. I shortly after departed for New Orleans; and, on the passage down the river, I began to see the affair in its true light. On my arrival in that gay city, I was convinced that, if not foolish in contracting myself to such a bad speller, at least I had been much more hasty than became a person of my good sense and superior judgment! At the end of a month, to my astonishment, I received a letter from Donna Isabella, saying that she was sorry for my departure—and was willing to forgive me, as she had since been informed that Frenchmen are in the habit of saying tender things, which are not true, to many ladies at the same time; and that she believed, after all, that I loved her! She, therefore, gave me permission to return and marry her, within a certain time, which she did not make very long; and, at the same time, intimated that if I did not make my appearance by that time, it would be too late, and she would marry a young Spaniard—some Don Jose or Antonio—who wished to be her husband, and then forget me for ever. You may suppose that I was contumacious; more particularly when I inform you that the lady had not, in the meantime, made the least improvement in her orthography. I afterwards heard that she kept her word as to the marriage; whether she did as to forgetting me, also, Messieurs, is a matter on which I can give you no information. You may judge for yourselves, now that my story is finished! And now, my dear Duke, and my dear Doctor, it is my turn to listen."

"By the time the Vicomte had ended, all were pre-

pared with a torrent of thanks and compliments, for his kindness in relating to them the most excellent story they had ever heard! The Vicomte, probably by way of returning our civility, now insisted that he had a right to a story from each of his listeners; and the Duke, admitting the justice of the claim, suggested that we should be better able to discharge our respective functions of narrators and listeners, if we should recur to the Chamberlain, and begin a new story with a fresh supply of the same. The Vicomte and myself consented to that arrangement, on condition that his grace would consent to relate some love adventure, either of his own experience—or, if there was a difficulty on that score, one which had befallen some of his friends, within his own knowledge. He promised to do the latter, at the same time hinting to us, with a smile, that—though he did not go into particulars—he had, as Polonius says, 'in his youth, suffered much extremity for love,' also."

We are induced, however, with a tender regard to our readers, similar to that which makes a nurse withhold a sugar plum from her darling, to reserve the stories of his Grace, and the witty Doctor, to another number.

Those who are acquainted with either the works or the person of the celebrated Viscount—and who can therefore appreciate the happy transfusion of his manner, which our correspondent has preserved—will be no less anxious to hear the tale of the illustrious minister, whose life—touching as it did, each extremity of adventure—must of necessity, furnish many an incident "to point a moral and adorn a tale."—*Knickerbocker*.

USEFULNESS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Do we desire to receive a more vivid impression of the usefulness of this system? Let us then for one moment reflect on what would be the probable consequences of its abolition. Suppose that all the Sunday schools should be blotted from existence, how fearful, beyond description, would be the change in the moral condition of our race! It would roll back the history of the world for half a century, and erase from its pages a record of the noblest exploits which have been achieved by faith and love since the apostolic age. It would restore the spirit of apathy, formality, and death, which rested like an incubus upon the bosom of the church—crushing her vitals, and almost stopping her breath—before that glorious revival of godliness which gave birth to this and its kindred institutions. It would revive the age of darkness. We cannot say, indeed, that it would blot out the sun of righteousness; for that would continue to exist and shine forth in all its brightness; but the church, which, like the moon, shines with borrowed light, would soon become dim and unable to reflect his lustre—and the lesser luminaries of the spiritual firmament would be extinguished, leaving the world to all the horrors of starless midnight! To shut the Sunday schools would be to dry up so many fountains of refreshing waters, and abandon the earth to moral sterility and desolation. Soon our theological seminaries would be deserted, for there would be no candidates for the sacred office. Our Bible and tract presses would be stopped for want of support. The angel now flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to every nation, would be arrested in his course. In process of time the temples of the living God would be converted into habitations for the beasts of the earth or the fowls of the air, and the inhabitants of Christendom itself be perishing for lack of knowledge. To break up this system, intimately connected as it is with all the operations of the church in the present age, would eventually put a stop to every wheel in the grand machinery of Christian benevolence. It would be to remove one of the most formidable barriers to the progress of ignorance and vice; and many generations would not pass away, before anarchy and despotism, infidelity and superstition, overflowing their present boundaries, like torrents of burning lava, would pour a tide of desolation over the fairest portions of the globe—sweeping away by its irresistible force all that is venerable in religion—all that is precious in civilization—all that is lovely in the institutions of social life.—*Dr. Henshaw's Sermon*.

The American Peace Society have offered a premium of \$1000 for the best essay on the subject of a congress of nations to settle national differences. Essays are not to exceed one hundred and sixty octavo pages, and must be forwarded to the Secretary at New York.

Among the novelties produced by competition, in London, is that of a penny national Bible.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The study of history has so many claims to our attention, that a brief recital of them will show it can not be neglected without manifest danger to national prosperity. Considered in a moral view, it is peculiarly beneficial to mankind at large, as affording an unerring guide of conduct: in a political, as it suggests the most proper means, to those who exercise responsible stations in government, whether minister or magistrate: in a religious, as it unfolds the origin of creation, and admonishes us to regard the Supreme Being as the governor of the universe, and sovereign disposer of all the blessings of life.

Cicero, the most celebrated of Roman orators, has very justly remarked, that ignorance of the events and transactions of former times condemns us to a perpetual state of childhood. History affords us its friendly light to view the instructive events of antient times, from which we may derive the most important information upon every subject connected with the present and future state of man.

The cultivation of our intellectual powers is not less essential to develop the mind, than the exercise of our limbs to increase their vigor and motion. History furnishes us with an interesting detail of facts, and submits them to examination, before we are called into active life. By reflection upon those who have gone before us, we gain an early acquaintance with human nature, extend our views of the moral world, and acquire a habit of discernment and correctness of judgment, which experience alone could otherwise afford. By anticipation, we become conversant with remote ages, and prepare for approaching action. Here we learn to appreciate the motives and conduct of men who lived before us; the study gives a knowledge of their errors and imperfections, and affords the surest correction by their example.

The historian should maintain a strict regard to truth. In the development of character, he should neither blacken with malevolence, nor add lustre with the varnish of adulation. He should penetrate the designs of men, and remove the obstacles which prevent the ordinary view.

The experience of a single age must be partial and imperfect, but the example of antient times is ample and complete. Great events, and important transactions, open upon us slowly, and the shortness of life enables us to see them only in detached parts. The examples of history, on the contrary, are distinct and clear; they are presented at full length, and we can contemplate them in their origin, progress, and termination. We reflect at leisure, and decide upon the actions of those who are removed, by time, to a great distance from us, with a cool and dispassionate judgment.

An enlarged acquaintance with history, tends to divest the mind of unreasonable prejudices for our nation or country, by which the social feelings are increased, and due merit allowed to others. By investigation, we arrive at truth, and learn the most successful means of securing peace and independence. With a mind thus stored, the man of refined taste extends his observation to the phenomena of nature and the productions of art. He discovers fresh beauty in all the works of God, and delights in the order and harmony of creation. The flowers, as they disclose their vivid hues; the animals, that move in comely symmetry; the ocean, that rolls her waves on high; the mountains, that swell in rugged majesty; the valleys, clothed in living green; the splendid luminary, whose beams disclose the beauties of the world, and decks the face of nature with brighter charms; the blue heaven, spangled with countless stars, and illumined by the soft effulgence of the moon; all of these attract his attention and supply abundant sources of delight.

History presents not only the grand and sublime works of nature and art; it likewise exhibits the misery and degradation attendant upon ignorance, superstition, and the depravity of man. The history of antient Rome furnishes a splendid light for the guidance of all mankind; their virtues in the prosperity of the commonwealth, and their vices in its decline, furnish examples and cautions to persons of all succeeding times. In those kings and emperors, who were remarkable for their purity of character, we behold examples worthy of imitation. From the faction and disorder of the wealthy, we are taught what curb to interpose upon the licentiousness of the populace. To be conversant with this important history, is to view mankind engaged

in the fullest exercise of patriotism, courage, and talents; or to contemplate them enervated by luxury, debased by corruption, and sunk into the most abject disgrace.

If in pursuance of this interesting inquiry, we look back to the happy days of Greece, when patriots, statesmen, philosophers, poets, and artists, were so eminently distinguished for virtue, wisdom, and elegance; we can not avoid indulging a wish, that the inhabitants of the same delightful regions, could at this day be permitted to give full scope to their original genius, and allowed to enjoy the inheritance of their illustrious ancestors, without extortion and without slavery.

The history of Greece can not fail to suggest to us various points of close resemblance to the state and circumstances of our own country. The intrigues of parties and popular men; the ardent love of liberty; the gradual increase of power and wealth, from sources of commerce, and the consequent increase of luxury; these circumstances, connected with a free government, are nowhere more fully displayed than in the history of the United States. Here then, is illustrated an important fact, essentially connected with the history of our country. A more close resemblance is discernible in our diligent cultivation of the sciences; in the eloquence of our public speakers; the bravery of our sailors; the skill and valour of our admirals and generals. While we thus trace a resemblance, flattering indeed to national pride, we surpass even Greece or Rome in their better days, in genius, science, and philosophy. Then let us guard, with jealous care, against the factious spirit, levity, corruption, and degeneracy, which marked the decline of ancient Greece and Rome. Let us emulate the virtue, valor, patriotism and refinement of the wisest men of purest days.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.—Often does it happen that we hear this and that person called a great genius; and his name raised even to the stars, on account of this seeming gift of nature. Often is it said of him, that he is freed from all the trials, the perplexities, and the drudgery of investigation, and hard study. It is vain thus to harp upon a string that has ages since ceased to vibrate. Those who expect to stand upon the foundation they themselves have laid, will soon find that light substances alone can move in the elevation they affect; and that, if they expect the treasures of knowledge, and of real worth to flow in upon them from such a source, they will be sadly disappointed.

Show me a man who has gained a lasting professional reputation; who wields the pen of a ready writer; at whose nod multitudes are subject, and I will show you one who has exercised that patience which has matured and extended itself, until it has become a fixed habit of the most indefatigable perseverance. A pun or a flash of wit may burst from a mere novice, to tell us that he has a mind. But a constant and steady blaze of intelligence, will demand fuel continually from the groves of Academus, and from the highest summit of Parnassus.

We listen once or twice, to the productions of those who are called great for their genius, and we admire nature's work. But when we listen again, we are sadly disappointed; for though nature may still lay her claim upon us for merited praise; yet, no signs of industry, of perseverance, of consuming the midnight oil, commands our admiration. Thus where we expected, and fondly hoped to be treated with an intellectual feast, we received only, "vox et præterea nihil,"—a voice merely!

It is only by patient and laborious effort, that the shelves of our libraries have been so richly laden; it is by this alone that the rugged path which leads to the summit of the hill of science has been made smooth, in which our fathers walked with a feeble and halting step; it is by this, that the great men of our favored republic made their way up to the pinnacle of the temple of fame. The lawyer, who is sought after at the present day, is one whose books "look the worse for wearing," and who is ready to work his cause through the octavos and folios of precedent, principle, and evidence. The clergyman who fights manfully the battles of the Lord, is one who is like the shining light, which brightens and burns with increasing lustre; he is one who has filled his own lamp, and taken oil in his vessels; one who has waked at midnight when others slept; one who has drank deep at the clear castilian fount of inspiration, and staid long at Siloa's brook

"fast by the oracles of God." So I might enumerate, but it is unnecessary. Go where you will, ask who you will, what makes the intelligent man, what makes the scholar, and the answer will be, "hard study, and patient thought."—*The Shrine.*

BIOGRAPHY.—Biography is the history of man—his actions, his thoughts, and feelings. The record of one man's life, in a considerable degree, is the transcript of another man's life. The feelings which prompted particular actions in one person, produce nearly the same effect on another. What one has suffered, or enjoyed, another, in similar circumstances, may suffer or enjoy. As a general thing, it may be said, that what one man has been, another may be by the same effort; he may possess the same amount of learning, the same elevation of character, the same degree of virtue. We do not mean to say that all minds are naturally alike—with the same strength and power of acquisition: we believe that there are constitutional differences in the mind of man. But we do not think that, naturally, there is so great a difference as many seem ready to admit, but that the diversity in minds, is owing more to education than to any other cause. But however this may be, we think that there is not so much difference, but that the history of the life of a man deceased, may serve as a mirror, in which another still living, may see his own reflected, with such accuracy as to afford a valuable guide to his steps in future life. We all have the same feelings and passions, differing only in intensity, and the particular feelings and passions which predominate: and these, too, depend much upon education.

The biography of an individual is written; his prominent passions are described, and their influence upon his character and happiness; also the manner in which they were cultivated or restrained. His virtues and his vices are portrayed, and their happy and unhappy consequences. A comparison may be drawn between this individual and ourselves, and the resemblance traced. Where his virtues appear, imitate, where his vices are seen, discard. Whatever in him had a tendency to evil, if we have the same propensities, endeavor to rid ourselves of them, for they will produce like effects in us. By such a method of examination, in a few biographies, we could find a complete self, our whole course of life marked out, and we could be prepared to govern ourselves accordingly. In this way Biography may serve as a beacon to light the benighted traveler through this world of troubles and sorrows.

It has been said that "no book is so bad but that instruction may be drawn from it." As truly may it be said that no character is so bad but instruction may be derived from it. The biographies of bad men, properly written, may be of great value, by presenting vice as it was seen in a living character, together with the consequences that followed it. It could hardly be exhibited in a less enticing form. Who, in reading the life of Thomas Paine, would wish to imitate his low debauchery? On the contrary, who would not the more detest such loathsomeness? We should admire his talents, we should venerate the mind that composed "Common Sense," "The Crisis," &c.—we should feel grateful for his services during the struggle of our forefathers for Independence, but we should commiserate and loathe his beastly intemperance, and pity his infidelity in religion. Our minds, in the cause of virtue, would be strengthened, and our abhorrence of vice, increased.

Read the life of Washington, and our hearts would glow with patriotism and virtue. We should desire to imitate the actions of that great and good man.—This bright example of human character set before our eyes, would encourage in us a love for virtue and for truth. In every case, whenever we read any thing of merit in another's character, it strengthens a desire in us to possess that virtue. The example of the self-taught man encourages us to perseverance in study: that of the Christian to increase in holiness.

Hence the importance of Biography. And he renders lasting benefit to his fellow men, who collects and arranges facts concerning those who are distinguished in any way, that they may serve as guides to the rest of the world through life. Not partial, but candid biography, unmixed with sophistry. Present men as they are, with their own true characters: then the living may be benefited, and the dead will be beyond the reach of injury.—*Id.*

When reason, feeling, and conscience are ill at ease, to fall back on sensual indulgences for a remedy, is to take a roll in the gutter, by way of a medicated mud-bath.

SELECTED ESSAYS.

NATIONAL GREATNESS.

The benefits arising from an inquiry into the causes of national greatness are too manifest to need an enumeration. In fact, all governments must avail themselves of such speculations, in addition to the light of history, in order to form institutions which shall be in any degree permanent.

Respecting a subject which has elicited in its investigations such a diversity of talent, we might naturally expect to find a diversity of conclusions. In most ancient republics the opinion seems to have prevailed, that their national elevation depended upon the greatness of their wealth, and the extent of their territory.—Were their coffers only overflowing and their empire limitless, they imagined that they could withstand the attacks of external foes, and quell the insurrections of internal traitors. Deluded by this prejudice, they employed every means to extend their conquests and to increase their wealth. They succeeded in kindling a transient blaze of glory, and fondly dreamed they had attained the acme of national greatness. Indeed, the Roman Empire at one time comprised the fairest portion of the then known world, unrivaled in wealth, and unexampled in extent of conquest, she neither feared danger, nor supposed herself liable to national calamity.

Other republics too have arisen, and under the guidance of some giant but perverted intellect, have by their conquests and affluence, for a time, attracted admiration. But an enemy crept in unawares, from whom, while they had every thing to fear, they apprehended no danger. With luxury came effeminacy, and with extended territory, widely diversified interests.—These bred party cabal and civil dissensions, which ultimately secured the nation's destruction. Their former glory served only to make the darkness which now brooded over them, ten-fold more thick and appalling. Wealth then and extent of territory alone, can never make a nation truly and permanently great. Of this truth, history, indeed, is replete with proof, and on every page she admonishes us, not only of the visible rocks, but also of the invisible quicksands, on which ancient republics have been wrecked. She points us to dilapidated temples where was once wielded the thunder of Demosthenes, and was kindled the flame of Cicero, to lands now desolate, where the mellifluous Virgil wrote, the immortal Homer sung. These are melancholy mementos of the fact, that neither wealth nor territorial expansion are the foundation of national greatness. Nor is it to internal improvements, however beneficial to commerce, that we can attribute national superiority. A country may multiply its railroads and canals, but if its population be destitute of virtue and intelligence, these advantages will only augment the means of disseminating vice. We do not say that internal improvements do not conduce to national prosperity. This were to assert what the experience of our own country has fully proven to be false. History, however, renders us confident in the assertion, that without the adamant basis of intelligence and morality, they can never impart to a nation permanent aggrandisement.

Such were some of the mistaken notions of other republics, and we are too prone, even at the present enlightened age, to glide into their errors. We shall suppose it granted, that independence is a prerequisite of national greatness. A nation, under the dominion of a foreign power, necessarily implies that it is physically weak, or morally degraded, and a people in such a condition can hardly arrogate the title of nation.—Independence, then, may be justly considered the first element of political greatness. If this be once established, the way is open for the advancement of the arts and sciences, and to whatever may contribute to perfect human society. In addition to independence, we regard the virtue and intelligence of the people, as indispensable to national greatness. These alone, can raise any effectual barrier against the inroads of vice and ignorance. Would a people become truly and permanently great, they should, by every means in their power, increase their intelligence and morality. Instead of expending their treasures in the construction of rail-roads and the digging of canals, let them establish common schools and seminaries of learning. The powers of steam, great and useful as they are, can never impel a nation's political bark safe over the billows of faction, nor save it from the quicksands of intrigue, unless the genius of virtue preside at the helm. As a nation is made up of individuals, its character will depend upon that of those who compose it, and in pro-

portion as we enlighten the minds, and reform the morals of the people, we strengthen the bands which unite the nation, and roll back the overwhelming waves of vice and immorality. In most nations an increase of population is regarded as a favorable indication of their prosperity. But increase of numbers, without a proportional increase of means of virtue and intelligence, should be considered as fearfully ominous. History abundantly attests the fact, that a nation's strength and greatness, are placed more in the encouragement of education in all classes, than either in extent of territory, internal improvements, or multiplicity of population. The ignorant and degraded, have ever been found the willing dupes of the crafty and designing.—They have ever composed the mobs, and devised the conspiracies against the safety of republics. An infuriated populace, with a Cataline for their leader, has always been a source of greater danger than a well disciplined army. Would a nation then be secure from such dangers, she should enlighten the minds and reform the morals of the ignorant and degraded; and in what better way can this be done, than by patronizing education, endowing seminaries, and giving unrestrained liberty to the press. Another constituent of national greatness is the influence which great men exert upon the age in which they live. By great men, however, we mean not those who have attained mere military eminence, nor those who have been celebrated for their cruelty or their vice, but those who have done good to their fellow men, either by their efforts in science, their valor in the field, their integrity on the bench, their eloquence in the legislative hall, or their persuasiveness in the desk.—*Talisman.*

THOUGHTS ON LITERATURE.

The thousand various definitions and elaborate descriptions concerning mind, which are daily sent into the world, have a direct tendency to confuse, and give an inadequate idea of the true states of its existence. If writers were to form some definite ideas in regard to it, then there might be some palliation, for sending these troublesome phenomena into the literary atmosphere; buzzing about our ears for a moment, and then perishing. It is one of the greatest faults of our literary men, or those who wish to be such, that they imagine it a part of their station when an opportunity occurs, to describe the faculties and operations of the mind. True, the garden is spacious, and there are many choice and fragrant flowers; but they should not be wantonly torn off by a rude hand, to deck a gilded vase, to feast the eye, but by the experienced and careful student of nature, to charm the soul.

As we cast our eye over the wide extent of literature of the English tongue, how many volumes do we observe lying on the shelves of our libraries, covered with dust, and seldom brought out into the light of day.—It is well that it is so. It is a lesson to those who are desirous of authorship, not to be in too great haste of discovering their crude brain-banlings, for the mere sake of discovering the sensations of sinking into the vortex of oblivion. If authors were to devote the time now employed in writing ten volumes, upon one, then there might be some hope of their volumes floating on the literary surface; but as it is, not all the schemes invented, not all the lightness and neatness of the binding can make them swim; they must sink by the side of the heavy, massive volumes of our truly great men, who carefully cast them into the sea and leave them as memorials of their strength—they swim, borne up as it were by a superior power, like the iron which swam at the command of the Prophet!

The epidemic fault of sending one's works to press in a crude and imperfect state, serves in no slight degree to degrade the character of our literature; and surely we never shall possess a national literature till authors are more careful in regard to natural scenery, and the manners of the people. That America is capable of sustaining fair proportions in literature, cannot be doubted,—since her advantages are great.—Look at her wide extended lakes,—the height of her mountains,—the length and beauty of her rivers,—the density of her forests, in fine, her history;—all calculated admirably, to afford an ample field for study and contemplation.

This is no forced assertion. The day is not far distant, when, if our authors determine to make a national literature, it will be accomplished: and its strength and beauty, will be equalled only, by its majesty, interest and duration. The day will come when America will stand high,—I trust highest, in the path of literature, and it becomes every professional man, every

writer, and especially every reviewer, to add his mite to the acquisition of such a lofty eminence.

It is greatly to be lamented that our writers cast their eyes over the surfaces of other countries, to glean from them their peculiarities and their beauties. This waywardness is the huge battering ram, which is continually beating down the fabric which a few public spirited and patriotic individuals strive to erect with so much assiduity. Not only do our poets imitate the diction of foreign nations, but actually describe the seasons in the same manner, not even allowing for the difference in climate; they seem tired of home and do not trust sufficiently to their own resources. To one observing this, the impulse of his heart and feelings obliges him to exclaim, with the great Roman orator, in the hackneyed but no less appropriate exclamation. 'O tempora, O mores.'

The ancient city of Athens, even amid her most serious troubles, convulsive shocks and civil dissensions patronised, with a careful but liberal hand, her literature. We, while basking in the sunshine of affluence, regard little our character abroad, supposing that we enjoy every thing as a natural consequence, because forsooth we have civil and religious liberty! Shall America be in want of the noble garbure which embellished and made glorious, the ancient nations of the world, when she has ample means and great advantages for providing such ornaments? America blushes for her countrymen;—her lofty mountains hang down their hands,—her bright streams cease their flowing,—her whole beautiful extent of scenery loses all its beauty, all its grandeur and sublimity. Why have we no greater artists?—Genius is cramped, crushed at its budding, bound down by more than adamant chains. The mind is fettered. No person is allowed to display himself fully, even if he possesses or seems to possess extraordinary genius. Americans do not support their great men. Need Cooper, Irving, Greenough, and a score of others—poets, novelists, painters, and sculptors, be pointed at in illustration of this remark: geniuses who have left their own beautiful country and their homes for encouragement in foreign lands. Look at the many, at home, who would gladly exile themselves if they had the means, seeking a subsistence, but alas, too often finding none. How is it that genius is cramped? See the young artist—he has sketched a figure. Its nice proportion, its beauty of pencilling, its whole appearance pleases him. Elated with his success, and thinking it will be admired as it ought to be, with a buoyant heart, and an eye filled with rapture, he bears it to his relation. It is looked upon; no pleasure arises from its contemplation—the artist is discouraged—he throws down his pencil,—gives up the study of his art, and is ruined. See the poet—his thoughts expanding and seemingly engaged to the very soul with his work—then see his friends, hear them talk. They condemn him as a lusus nature, a madman, or even an atheist. The people are the great draw-backs to genius—they will not permit a person to write, paint, or chisel. They hate to see idleness, yet are not willing to see industry. A happy day will that be, when every spark of genius shall be cherished—shall take its own course, without limit, or rather without restriction.—*Shrine.*

RETIREMENT.—Love of retirement is a strong passion in the minds of all great men. The most splendid and powerful efforts of human intellect, have been the result of the peaceful sequestration of solitude. It was while secluded from the bustle and confusion of a restless world, that Pythagoras framed his famous system of Philosophy, Demosthenes and Cicero their celebrated Orations, Virgil his beautiful Poem, Euclid his profound Geometry, and Locke and Bacon and Newton that deep and hitherto undiscovered system of pure philosophy, that opened the arcanum of nature, and gave laws to matter and mind. Almost any thing we desire can be purchased with money, or obtained by power; but knowledge can only be obtained by constant study, and that prosecuted in retirement.—*The World.*

MAGNANIMITY.—Cæsar has had the testimony of ages to his bravery, and yet he refused a challenge from Anthony. He very calmly answered the bearer of the message—"If Anthony is weary of his life tell him there are other ways to death besides the point of my sword." How well would it be, if there were more instances of the like independence of mind.

TRUE REMARK.—It is a sort of eternity to a man to have his time all to himself.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MORAL SCIENCE.

History of Moral Science. By Robert Blakey. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradburn; London: Duncan.

The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings. By J. Abercrombie, M.D., &c. London: Murray.

The works before us are very different in merit and pretension, and the former is in the inverse ratio of the latter. Unassuming in their form, and moderate in their claims, Mr. Blakey's volumes are a valuable addition to the practical science of mind: ambitious in appearance, and dogmatic in manner, Dr. Abercrombie's work possesses little real utility. It can scarcely be deemed superfluous, if we preface our observations on both treatises with a few remarks on the subject they discuss.

When Cicero, in one of the finest passages that ever came from uninspired tongue or pen, exclaimed, "Non est hæc judices scripta, sed nata lex," he enunciated the proposition, by our belief in which must be measured our value of ethical science. Is there, superior to all codes, and antecedent to all customs, a law, or a system of laws, claiming of right to rule our actions and direct our conduct? Or, are what we commonly call the "natural rules of right and wrong," nothing more than the result of circumstances, originating in accident, preserved by imitation, and owing their influence to successive imitations? It is clear that our adoption of the latter opinion must lead to the inference, that all nations and all generations with which we are acquainted have combined to propagate a falsehood, for all have made this natural standard a matter of final appeal in judging of legislation; and we find reference made to the same standard even in the law given from Mount Sinai. A reason is assigned for many of the institutions divinely given to the Jews, or in other words, the preceptive law is declared to be in accordance with natural suggestions. It is unnecessary to say any thing further in proof of the general belief that "a natural law" exists; but here our difficulties commence; the notions attached to the phrases used in reference to this law are vague and indeterminate; a dozen men will tell you that a particular action is contrary to natural justice, but no two of them will agree in the definition of what is "just." Now, science simply means knowledge, and it is necessary to knowledge that things should be known. This is in sound a truism, but in sense a truth, frequently and fatally neglected. The first and most obvious difficulty, then, that meets the ethical investigator, is the habit to which he, in common with others, has been a slave, that of resting satisfied with loose and inaccurate notions of ethical terms. A still greater difficulty meets him when he proceeds to search into principles, a difficulty which in fact dwells in the investigator himself, and is, his very self, his affections and his passions. These impediments are even greater in moral than in mental science; though our intellectual faculties are less frequently and far less intensely exercised than our motive powers, yet every man is much better acquainted with the laws of thought than of action, and can give a far more intelligible account of the operations of his reason than of his will. Hence, while ethical principles are hourly made the subject of reference, ethics themselves remain the most difficult and unpopular part of intellectual science.

Mr. Blakey has clearly seen that a philosophical system of ethics can only be formed by induction, and though it be not in our power to confirm every step of our reasoning by a decisive experiment, repeated at pleasure, yet he regards the history of mankind as a repertory of experiments, by which we may approximate to the truth. He does not think the investigation of moral science a matter quite so simple as Dr. Abercrombie supposes it; and hence he has deemed research to be as important in the investigation of the science, as original thought and patient reflection.

Science is something more than simple knowledge—it is knowledge methodized and organized into such a form that it may be *knowable*. For this purpose, the philosopher endeavors to discover some common principle pervading the several facts, or else he invents some hypothesis or supposed principle by which they may all be connected. The system founded either on the fact or the hypothesis is called a Theory, because it enables us to take a general view of the subject. There may be a countless number of suppositions, and, consequently, there may be innumerable theories; but we have a test to guide us in choosing between

opposite theories, that is, we must select the principle which best explains the phenomena or appearances, of which our senses are cognizable. Here, however, moral science presents a new difficulty, for the phenomena are human actions and their motives; and little need be said to prove the difficulty of discovering

Quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra.

Mr. Blakey has presented us with full and faithful abstracts of the most important theories of morals that have been formed since the days of the great philosopher of Malmesbury, the parent of modern Ethical Science. It is not the least merit of the work that the editor has dared to do justice to the eminent abilities of Hobbes, whose name has been made a mockery and a reproach by those who were unable to understand his doctrines, much less appreciate his merits. The charge of infidelity is the ready refuge of every blockhead, who can not see how original thought can be reconciled with ancient theories, nor in what manner new discoveries are to be amalgamated with old opinions;

Turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ Imberbi dicere, senes perinde fateri.

It was this principle that sent Galileo to the dungeon; and it was this principle that induced Stillingfleet to charge Locke with hostility to Christianity, because the Bishop's opinions respecting the resurrection of the body were contradicted by the philosopher's account of personal identity. The example of Mr. Blakey is one that we hope to see followed; in every theory he has been more anxious to point out the good than the evil; and his defence of many whose characters have been maligned, is as generous as it is triumphant.

There is one person whom the Scottish philosophers Reid and Stewart have acquired great fame by opposing; their refutations of Locke's ideal theory have been made the theme of extravagant eulogy by almost all the metaphysicians beyond the Tweed; and yet, as Dr. Brown and Mr. Blakey have decisively shown, they either misunderstood or misrepresented Locke, and refuted, not him, but some creature of their own imaginations. Mr. Blakey appears to belong to the eclectic school of philosophy; he finds that in every theory there is something useful; and though he does not fully develop his own opinions, yet he shows us by example that the ethical student should carefully investigate the various moral theories that have been propounded, and not become the slave of any particular system. We are, ourselves, inclined to eclecticism; we do not think that any single hypothesis fully explains the complex phenomena of motive and action, nor the varied causes that modify choice. Having stated the very great value that we attribute to Mr. Blakey's work, we deem it necessary to mention some points in which we differ from him. The chief of these is his attack on Kant's transcendental æsthetics; without at all denying that Kant's affectation of mysticism and neology has rendered his works always obscure, and frequently unintelligible, we should except the German philosopher from the severe application of the old rule, "Si non vis intelligi debes negligi." The great discovery of Kant was, that Time and Space are laws of ideas, and not modifications of the abstractions, Duration and Expansion,—a discovery that tends greatly to simplify the mysteries of metaphysics. Scant measure of justice is meted to Godwin, whose work is now as undeservedly forgotten as it was once absurdly overrated. Yet 'Political Justice' is one of those works that must be immortal, because it was the first that treated of the moral effect of political institutions, and showed what a great share forms of government have in the determination of national character. Brown is another to whom the eclectic editor concedes but little praise; we regard him as the most original thinker among modern metaphysicians, and rate him intellectually higher than Dugald Stewart; his vicious style and his rage for poetic imagery have greatly weakened the influence he deserves to possess; but when Mr. Blakey was estimating his merits, how did he happen to forget Brown's views of causation? Archbishop King is certainly estimated to highly; the editor is a believer in his theory that "the will of God is the sole foundation of virtue," and therefore is naturally partial to its first propounder; we regard it as the weakest of all the theories, and are, therefore, probably as prejudiced on the other side.

Passing from Mr. Blakey's work, which we for the last time recommend to the lovers of moral science, we turn to Dr. Abercrombie's volume, by which we regret to say that we have been disappointed. There were those who praised

his former treatise on metaphysics as a work of which the age might be proud; we were not of the number; it was meagre in thought, though rich in language, for arguments it gave assumptions, and for illustrations trite commonplaces. The present treatise is inferior to that by which it was preceded; it is, in fact, little more than a collection of assertions, and there are few and feeble attempts to support them. The doctor's theory of First Truths is truly the most convenient ever devised by the creator of a system; whenever he is at a loss for a reason, he has only to declare his assertion a first truth, and the matter is settled in a moment. But there is a preliminary step which the doctor has forgotten; he has not proved that "intuitive articles of moral belief" exist, though surely this was essential before he proceeded to state their nature. He says:—"For the truth of them we appeal not to any process of reasoning, but to the conviction which forces itself upon every regulated mind. Neither do we go abroad among savage nations to inquire whether the impression of them be universal; for this may be obscured in communities as it is in individuals by a course of moral degradation. We appeal to the casuist himself, whether, in the calm moment of reflection, he can divest himself of their power."

Now, the blunder, or fallacy, call it which you please, lies in the phrase "regulated mind," by which must be meant an instructed mind; by what test are we to discover in such a mind, which are the intuitive, and which the derived articles of belief? Common sense would reply, by comparing the creed of the educated with the creed of the natural mind; but Dr. Abercrombie knows that such a test would at once overturn his theory, and therefore protests against it, by declaring ignorance of those truths a proof of moral degradation.

When we consider the great importance of ethical science, it may justly fill us with astonishment to find that it forms so small a part of education in our public seminaries and universities. Young men are taught everything but their duty as men and citizens, and the obligations that bind them to society. One cause of this may be, that we have not a popular introduction to the study of ethics in our language; the materials indeed of such a work are to be found scattered over many well-known volumes, but the nearest approach to a useful guide for ethical students, is the article 'Moral Philosophy' in Tegg's Encyclopædia.—*London Athenæum.*

SKETCHES.

THE FATHER'S DIARY.

There is a nestling worm in every flower along the path of life, and, while we admire the spreading leaves and unfolding blossom, the traitor often consumes the root, and all the beauty falls. You are not surprised that my letter opens with a serious reflection on the fleeting state of earthly pleasures. The son of sorrow can teach you to tremble over every blessing you enjoy. Pay now, to thy living friend, the tear which was reserved for his grave. I have undergone one of the severest trials human nature can experience. I have seen a dear and only child, the little companion of all my hours of leisure, the delight of my eyes, the pride of my heart, struggling in agonies of pain, while I poured over him my tears and prayers to heaven in vain. I have seen him dying—dead—coffined. I have kissed him in his shroud—I have taken the last farewell—I have heard the bell call him to the silent vault—and am now no more a father. I am stabbed to the heart, cut to the brain.

With what tender care was the boy nursed!—How often has he been the pleasing burden of my arms!—What hours of anxiety for his welfare have I felt!—What endearing amusements for him invented! Amiable was his person, sensible his mind. All who saw, loved him—all who knew him, admired a genius that outran his years. The sun no sooner arose than it was eclipsed. No sooner was the flower opened, than it was cut down. My mind eagerly revolves every moment of past joy. All the parental affections rush like a torrent, and overwhelm me. Wherever I go, I seem to see and hear him, turn round, and lose him.

What does this world present, but a long walk of misery and desolation? In tears man is born—in agonies he dies. What fills up the interval? Momentary joys and lasting pains. Within, a war of passions; without, tumult and disorder reign. Fraud, oppression, riot, rapine, murder, fill up the tragic tale of every day; so that a wise man must often wish to have his

curtain dropped, and the scene of vanity and vexation closed. To me a churchyard is a pleasing walk. My feet often draw towards the graves, and my eyes turn towards the vault, where all the contentions of this world cease, and where the weary are at rest. I praise, with Solomon, the dead who are already dead, more than the living who are yet alive.

I will call reason and religion to my aid. Prayers and tears can not restore my child, and to God who made us we must submit. Perhaps he was snatched in mercy from some impending woe. In life he might have been miserable—in death he must be happy. I will not think him dead—I will not consider him confined in the vault, or mouldering in the dust—but risen—clad with true glory and immortality; gone to the regions of eternal day, where he will never know the loss of parents, or of a child; gone above the reach of sorrow, vice, and pain. That little hand, which was so busy to please here, now holds a cherub's harp. That voice, which was music to my ears, warbles sweet symphonies to our Universal Father, Lord, and King. Those feet, which ran to welcome me from toil, and my arms received, while I held him up, and for the blessing used to thank my God, now traverse the starry pavement of the heavens. The society of weak, impure, unhappy mortals, is exchanged for that of powerful, pure, blessed spirits; and his fair brow is encircled with a never-fading crown.

Shall I then grieve, that he, who is become an angel, grew not to be a man? Shall I drag him from the skies, and wish him in the vail of sorrow? I would not, my dear boy, interrupt thy bliss. It is not for thee, but for myself, that I weep. I speak as if he were present. And who can tell but that he sees and hears me? "Are there not ministering spirits?" And our great Milton says,

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake.

Perhaps even now he hovers over me with rosy wings—dictates to my heart, and guides the hand that writes.

The consideration of the sorrows of this life, and the glories of the next, is our best support. Dark are the ways of Providence while we are wrapped up in mortality; but, convinced there is a God, we must hope and believe that all is right.

May the remainder of my days be spent in a faithful discharge of the duty I owe to the Supreme Disposer of all events! I am but as a pilgrim here, have trod many rough paths, and drank many bitter cups. As my days shorten, may the Sun of Righteousness brighten over me, till I arrive at paradise where tears are wiped away from every eye, and sorrow is no more! May I descend into the grave, from whence I have lately had so many "hairbreadth escapes," in peace! May I meet my angel boy at the gate of death; and may his hand conduct me to the palace of eternity!—*N. Amer. Mag.*

A POET'S CHILDHOOD IN NEW ENGLAND.

Sixty days in the year, at the utmost, was the limit of my early opportunities of district school education. Economy, though finally the worst possible profusion, was at that period, as now, the manna of the rural radicals. Whatever was unattended by any considerable expenditure, was deemed worthy of immediate consideration, and, generally, of welcome acceptance. Careless of the early consequences of this credulity, they followed, without examination, a system of disastrous parsimony, to which they became attached from avarice and perpetual prejudice. To all alike, who inhabited the district, however palpable might be the disparity of early nurture and original disposition and genius, the same monstrous and wearisome system was extended. Wedded to the *præscripta munia* of a sequestered tract, they never suffered themselves to dwell upon the possibility of any one passing beyond it; and, if the ignorance of a pedagogue could have verified their apparent anticipations, no doubt would have remained of their moral and political sagacity. The least expensive birch-bearer always enjoyed the preference. Real knowledge and talent could not, in common honor, rival the proposals of a young farmer, who, independently of an idle winter, desired a few dollars for an extraordinary Sunday outfit, and was willing to flog overgrown boys during the day, for the satisfaction of saluting their mistresses in the evening. Our tyrannical foresters, though they momentarily broke Priscian's head, never broke a quilting or pumpkin pie engagement; and, though they often erred fifty degrees in latitudes and longitudes, their animal scent never forsook the path of pleasure or of prey. In a

word, they could inculcate no information, but they could abuse the violated English and bruise the idle urchin's head—thereby causing a peculiar phrenological development without the requisite action of the brain. I plunged into the mysteries of orthography and numerical calculation and topographical limitations. That invaluable mentor, common sense, was my guide, and a commendable ambition, the stirrer-up of my faculties. Though many students were congregated in the little unpainted and unfinished school house, which stood midway on the hill of Koy's, yet I had but one companion. Young Joscelin was about my own age; frank in his disposition, affectionate, high-spirited, and manly; quick in attainment, and strong in his retention of knowledge—formed in the finest mould of man, and fitted to excel in almost any walk of active life. In the dawn and beauty of his days he was cut down; as his eye darkened for the grave, the charm of congenial fellowship and the delight of assimilated tastes vanished from my soul, and left me alone among the ignorant, the ill-natured and unmannered. He had been with me on the mountains, and gazed with the fervid eye of genius upon the lovely lake of Brookfield—a sleeping mirror beneath the morning sun—the dim and vast and romantic solitudes of Ware, in the midst of whose birch and pine woods the anchorite might have enjoyed silence and melancholy adapted to his own—the great snowy mountain of Monadnock and the long waste of Wachusett hills, from which flowed countless rivers to fertilize the soil, and on whose summits the setting sun rested in departing glory. In the presence of grandeur his awakened spirit glowed in its awakened majesty; before the placid glance of beauty, it melted into admiration and love. It floated in luxurious idleness with the shadows of the ravine, and fluctuated in ecstasy with the bending of the tree tops. It rose up invigorated from the bank of the cool brook, and soared to paradise on the wings of the rainbow. None could comprehend, or encourage, or share your thoughts. Unadorned in our habiliments, and unpolished in our manners, devoted to daily toil, and destitute of opportunities of rational instruction, we attracted little observation and no remark. To be accused of romance and sentimentality (had we understood the terms) would have seemed to us an absurdity. But we ever rejoiced, when no eye was on us, to mingle our souls with the elements—to ride upon the sunbeam and direct the storm—to listen awe-struck to the thunder-voice of eternity, and catch wild glimpses of another world while the fierce lightning rent asunder the dark folds of the tempest. But poor Joscelin perished in his youth; and thenceforth the beautiful Wicquabog and Mark's steep rugged mountain, and the lone meadow of the Eagles grew solitary and hateful to me. Seed time passed and harvest came, and winter looked down from his icy pinnacle upon crowded granaries; but my summer solace and my winter friend was gone.

The privation deepened the gloom of spirit which had begun to gather around us. The dance went on—the loud laugh arose—the careless talk rattled in my ears as cheerily as ever. I turned from them all with a sickness of the heart I sought not to hide. Was this the reward of virtue and ability? Must a youth of splendor sink in its dayspring into the darkness of midnight, and none regard it? I despised the apathy and abhorred the selfishness of mankind. I resolved in a secret hour to pass from among the uneducated and the heartless; to remove myself and my thoughts from their sphere; to exalt my heart and soul by study and contemplation, and enlarge my benevolence by commiserating the errors I could not correct, and forgiving the injuries I should wrong myself by avenging.—*Id.*

ICEBERGS.—Icebergs are large bodies of ice filling the valleys between high mountains in northern latitudes. Among the most remarkable are those of the east coast of Spitsbergen. The frost sports wonderfully with these bodies, and gives them the most fantastic, and sometimes the most majestic forms.

Masses have been assuming the shape of a Gothic church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich drapery that an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to describe. Crystals of the richest blue, tables with one or more feet, and often immense flat-roofed temples, supported by round transparent columns, float by the astonished spectators. These icebergs are the creation of ages, and annually increase by the falling of snows, and of rain, which instantly freezes, and more than repairs the loss occasioned by the heat of the sun.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, AUG 13, 1833.

* * The Editor must plead indisposition as an excuse for the late appearance and great deficiencies of the last and present number.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writer of one of the unsuccessful articles which were submitted to the Committee, is respectfully informed, that we can not return his manuscript, or consider him at liberty to send his communication to another journal, unless he will point out some notice in our paper, stating or implying that all but the prize articles would be at the disposal of their respective writers. Only a short time before the premiums were awarded, we explicitly stated, that they would be given to the writers of the best of the communications which should be written for this paper, and that such of the other articles as might appear suitable for publication, would be inserted in successive numbers of the *Inquirer*.

NOTICE.—At an adjourned meeting, held on Tuesday last in the Baptist Church, the constitution of the "Buffalo Society for the promotion of Public Morals," was adopted; and a committee of five appointed to nominate officers and obtain a competent gentleman to deliver an introductory Address at the next meeting, to be held in the same place on Tuesday next, Aug. 20, at eight o'clock in the evening.

NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—We regret that the late arrival of the tenth number of this truly national periodical, prevents our enriching this paper with any of its interesting and valuable contents. In our next number we propose inserting several extracts, which will not only sustain the high opinion we have repeatedly expressed, but likewise, we hope, induce some of our readers to extend their support to a magazine which is "devoted particularly to American literature," and which "mingles independence of opinion with personal courtesy, and instruction with amusement."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The August number of this magazine, from the prospectus of which we have inserted a brief extract in our next page, is filled with original articles of an instructive and entertaining character, and will, we think, abundantly confirm the favorable judgment pronounced by impartial and disinterested critics. Agent: Oliver G. Steele.

THE LADY'S BOOK.—This interesting and popular work has just commenced a new volume, the first number of which contains many valuable original articles, and is embellished with a handsome frontispiece and several beautiful wood engravings, which are executed in a superior style and printed on fine tinted paper. It is, on the whole, one of the best numbers that we have received, and can not fail to increase the reputation of this beautiful and entertaining periodical.

BRITISH COLONIAL ARGUS.—The first number of this paper has come to hand. It is published at St. Catharines, U.C., by James H. Sears, Esq. and printed by Mr. Daniel Munger, late of this city. It is devoted to literature and politics.

A new work, of which we have received the first sixteen numbers, has been recently commenced in New York, under the appellation of "The Family Magazine, or Weekly Abstract of General Knowledge." It is printed in octavo form, and merits an extensive circulation. Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents per ann.

* * We have on hand several unexamined communications, to which due attention will be paid in the next number. We have been unable, on account of indisposition, to prepare the report to which we referred in our last paper.

POETRY.

LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

In morning's light, on headland east,
The gallant ship was seen,
With white sail set, and cleaving fast
The billows' crested green.
Her keel had ploughed untrodden seas;
Yet, conscious of high destinies,
A proud and glorious band
Stood on her deck:—no secret thought
Of memory, in their bosoms wrought
Of their far native land.
They looked upon that smiling shore,
And thought of past regrets no more.
Oh, who shall tell what hidden woes
Have bought the joy each hero knows?
The throbblings of each anxious breast,
By fear and hope alike distressed?
Who count the days of toil and care,
The nights of watching and despair,
They proved upon their cheerless way,
When each succeeding restless day
Went down on shoreless waves—
That, darkened now with gathering night,
Might, ere the morn's returning light,
Sweep heavily o'er their graves?
Now toil, and doubt, and danger o'er,
Gleams near and bright the promised shore!
And now each pilgrim eye was turned
To where the sunlight's glory burned
O'er stream and wood, o'er rock and vale.
Each wanderer blest the glorious sight,
And hailed the morn's revealing light—
And welcomed the rejoicing gale
Which, filled with fragrance from the land,
Their weary brows with incense fanned.
The land of wealth and bliss untold,
The visioned paradise of old—
Of many a burning wish the theme,
And pilgrim's faith, and poet's dream—
Conspicuous now before them lay.
And brightly as the rising day
Bathed flood and forest in his beam,
To fevered fancy it might seem
As if they breathed a hallowed air,
And Heaven's own glory rested there!
Oh! prophet thoughts of pride and power
Were foremost in that thrilling hour.
Yet from that wandering band broke out
No burst of joy, no welcoming shout,
Nor seaman's mirthful swell:
But warm and beating hearts were there
And tearful eye, and murmured prayer,
Spoke more than words could tell.
Not theirs the sanguinary flame
That crowns the laureled warrior's name,
With battle flag unfurled:
But won with toil, and pain, and cares,
A richer, loftier boon was theirs,
The guerdon of a world!

Knickerbocker.

THE DYING GIRL'S REQUEST.

Oh! bear me to my early rest,
When breaks the morning light;
When dew upon the flow'ret's breast
In morning's ray is bright.
Not when the night is closing round,
In darkness and in gloom,
And shades the sad and silent ground,
Above my early tomb.
But when the birds have woke to song,
And when the earth is gay,
Then bear my lifeless form along,
From love and joy away.
And, mother, when the shades of eve
Close o'er my youthful bed,
Then come, and let thy spirit grieve,
Where evening's gloom is shed.

HAPPINESS.

And what is happiness? Is it a ray,
Bright at the sun's, that gilds the early day,
When rising in his light, he rides on high,
Amidst the blushes of the eastern sky?
What is it like? Has it a shape or form
Pure as the dew that rests upon the morn?
Or, is it like the blossoms of the spring,
Fanned by the ever restless zephyr's wing?
And like them too, so transient and so sweet,
And yet so delicate, they can not meet
One single glance from summer's vivid eye,
But all their loveliness must fade and die?

Adam Smith made a remark which is common to men of letters, that "of all the amusements of old age, the most grateful and soothing is a renewal of acquaintance with the favorite studies and favorite authors in youth." This shows the expediency of having, in youth, favorite studies and favorite authors.

PERIODICALS.

THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY.—Key and Biddle, No. 23 Minor street, Philadelphia, publish a semi-monthly Periodical under the above title. The first number was issued on the first day of May. The design of the work is to publish, 1. The most valuable Religious and Literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, sectarianism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as Christians may with propriety circulate. 2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press; and occasionally original productions of American writers. 3. Standard works which may be out of print; and selections from such as are accessible to but few. 4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value.

The editors are pledged to favor no religious, much less any political party; but to act on those great principles in which all Evangelical Christians agree. The degree of confidence which may be reposed in their ability will be learned from the attestations of a number of the most distinguished individuals in the United States.

The *Christian Library* will be published semi-monthly, each number to contain forty-eight pages, extra imperial or double medium octavo, in double column, on a fine paper and good legible type. It will be folded and stitched with a neat cover on each number; securely mailed, so as to go safely to the most remote post office. The work will form two volumes yearly, of 576 pages each, and can be bound to match the late editions of Scott's and Henry's Commentaries. The price will be five dollars per annum, payable in advance; six dollars if paid at the end of the year. Any individual procuring five subscribers and forwarding the money, will be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Key and Biddle will publish the *London Christian Observer*, as an Appendix to the *Christian Library*, in the same form, for one dollar and twenty-five cents a year, payable in advance, or one dollar and fifty cents at the close of the year. The present cost of this work is six dollars per annum.

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2. Varieties, embracing literary anecdotes, new discoveries in science and the arts, sketches of society and manners abroad, literary and learned transactions, short notices of new books and every species of information interesting to lovers of reading, with occasional specimens of the humorous departments of the *London Press*, which are within the bounds of good taste, and are now published in no other journal in America.

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MISCELLANY.

SELECTIONS FROM THE GERMAN, ETC.—Life is a flower-garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade.

The first fault a man commits is to take theories for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.

Where children are, is a golden age.

Between congenial minds, dissensions are most painful, as discords are the harsher, the nearer they approach to concord.

Anger wishes the human race had but one neck, love but one heart, grief two tears, and pride two bended knees.

Two things fill my mind with ever new and increasing admiration and veneration, the oftener and more constantly they occupy my thoughts—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.

It is a common but erroneous tradition, that Mohammed excluded females from Paradise; there is no better authority for it than an indifferent jest attributed to the prophet; an aged woman having plagued him on the subject of Paradise, he said that she had no concern with the matter, for no old woman would be admitted into it; but seeing that she was grieved by this announcement, he said that all the old women would be restored to youth before their admission into regions of bliss.

THE WHISKERED BARBER.—There is no trade so universally patronized as the barber's. But this trade has been most woefully perverted, and has fallen from its original dignity and high standing. In ancient times it was celebrated in song, and the more serious pages of historians were filled with the doings at a barber's shop. A barber's shop—what was it? It was the seat of literature and the arts, and the shrine of the wise man. What is it now? the seat of block-heads without brains; and the stand of block-heads without brains. Sometimes a person will enter one who is a man and a scholar; such was the professor whose story is about to be told.

In the city where I once lived, a circumstance of no very ordinary kind happened. An unknown, a new barber had entered the premises formerly occupied by a somewhat darker personage. He had cut and shaved but two days in his new domicile, when the silver shoe-buckled professor entered his apartment.

But first it may not be out of the way to describe the barber. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, tall and slim, with small black eyes, huge eyebrows and fierce whiskers. He was a Frenchman, and spoke but little English. His whiskers were prominent and black; they would have done honor to George the Fourth on his coronation day. But to proceed.

In stepped the professor, as usual, looking at nothing but the sandy floor and the newspaper, as he put his hand into his pocket for his spectacles. Having properly adjusted them, after seating himself and taking the paper, he began to read—imagining that the former barber was present, who understood perfectly his manner.

The astonished Frenchman was petrified. He did not understand such politeness; and as he leaned against one of the supporting posts, he looked down upon his patron like a frightened, whiskered baboon. Soon the old professor pushed his spectacles over his forehead, and looking up beheld the new barber.

"Will you be sha-ved?" inquired the Frenchman.

"A-hem!—yes, yes, and trim my hair a little if you please."

Accordingly, the barber began the cutting system first. "S'all I me cut the longey of e hair?"

"Certainly, certainly. You would not cut off the shortest would you?"

Scarcely had the words issued from the lips of the nervous professor, when the barber twisted up his cue, and with one press of his scissors cut it off.

"Zounds!" cried the enraged professor, "what have you done!—my cue gone! forever gone! You impudent rascal, you have all but robbed me of my life!" Soiting the action to the word, the doctor seized the whiskers of the Frenchman with both hands, who was grinning a ghastly smile, and put him closer to the wall than Guy Fawkes stood, when found in the cellar.

The Frenchman was so situated that he could not speak, but bellowed most lustily; and all the neighbors soon gathered about the door, while the students of the University came running down to see what was up.

The old doctor was not to be treated thus, unrevenged. Every muscle was moved, and the Frenchman was soon laid in the gutter. One of the students dangled the cue in the air, and the doctor hurried off to the University amid the shouts of the spectators, who had almost laughed themselves into hysterics.—*The Shrine.*

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